Safe in Jesus.

There is an unsearchable joy,
  In seasons of conflict and woe,
Which nothing but sin can destroy,
  And nothing but Christ can bestow.
There's a light which illumines and cheers
  The lone and the desolate place,
And glides the dark valley of tears
  With the rainbow of covenant grace.

There's a strength that upholdeth the weak,
  There's a hand which releases the bound,
There's a promise for all who would seek,
  There's a glory for all who have found.
There's a rock that all storms can with stand,
  An anchorage safe for the tossed,
For the wrecked, there's a life-boat at hand,
  A Savior for them that were lost.

Though the harbor be hidden from sight,
  By billows of conflict and sin,
Yet the life-boat is steering aright,
  And will bear us triumphantly in.
The promise hath ever sufficed,
  That nothing shall hurt or appall;
We have ventured our all upon Christ.
  And shall prove Him sufficient for all.

—*Jane Crewdson.*

Pen Wavelets.

BY R. F. MALLOTT.

I have just concluded the reading of an essay proving beyond a doubt (?) that man evolved through spontaneous generation from the lower species of the animal kingdom, *via* .the Ape. It appears to me that it is a waste of time to either advocate or reply to this Scientific theory. What does it matter should friend Gray believe this and I believe otherwise so we both unite our energies to bring the brotherhood of humanity in their life-work far from the animal. I would be inclined to believe this theory were it not for man's *physical form* of beauty and symmetry. There are in other respects so much of the animal developed. Let these animal passions and traits be banished and *prove* that we have a higher ancestry than the Orangoutang. There is no argument to be offered in reply to such sophistry—conflicting with the Bible account of our geneology-like living in God through Christ. If we feed the old man of sin, he is sure to grow and in any of us while the old and new Adam dwells together upon earth. The old fellow will strive to gain a victory, bringing us into captivity to all sin.

It is absolutely essential that the whole momentum of the soul be heavenward. Think of God talk about heaven. It won't be long until your weary feet shall tread its hallowed plains and hill tops of beauty. Commune in your hearts with Jesus and the old Adam will become as lifeless as an Egyptian mummy and no one will ever think of you being a descendant of the treacherous monkey, the spotted leopard, or any other animal.

"Awake thou that sleepest," should be applied to two classes—the church and the world. Of course among the first class there are individual exceptions but generally speaking our churches are prone to go to sleep between revival meetings and when urged to arouse will reply, "wait until Bro. Wakeup comes to hold us a revival." "A little more sleep a little more folding of the arms." Thorns grow up, the good seed is chocked out and when the time does come for a revival it takes all the brain-power, muscle-power permeated with Holy Ghost power to remove the debris and to get the vibrations of the church to a normal standard; when this is once done the meetings are nearing a close—precious time has been lost. What a work could be done in each engagement with the devil and his veterans should the soldiers of the cross have on the "whole armor of God" and march under careful training between bombardments. "All at work and always at work" was Wesley's motto.

Lift high the Royal Standard! Do not go to sleep in the hammock of postponement. The servants of the devil don't. They are ever on the alert. Go into the retreats of debauchery and see the mid-night oil burned, into the festive halls of amusement opened on time. Applause, giggle and everything that betokens life—*of sin*—"Awake thou that sleepest," rings out from God among these festivities in sin. It is the echo of heaven's trumpet to all whose sous are fanned to sleep by the ever moving breezes of sin.

But how foolishly the poor deluded world acts when friends plead with and pray for its salvation. "Just wait a little longer," says the slumberer in sin unconscious that "There is danger and death in delay." How sad to see souls abide in sin! A few more invitations disregarded, a few more prayers offered in vain and the doleful knell will be heard form the belfry of heaven ringing out mournfully the death of a lost soul. Oh the death of a lost soul! How inlinitely great is the loss! We become alarmed over the diseases of the body, but forget the alarming symptoms of a diseased soul.

Congress, Ohio, May 18, 86.

The Wise in Eternity.

They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and forever. Daniel, 12: 6.

Amidst all confusion and strife the foundation of the Lord's house stands sure. Secure and happy are they that build thereon by an obedient faith and by their diligent care to depart from iniquity, and to honor the name of Christ, by a holy walk and conversation. The command of Christ to every child of God is, go, preach the gospel to every creature. Go is the urgent, ceasless missionary spirit of the gospel. Go out into the highways and hedges and into the dark places of the earth, and let your light shine and bring guests into the gospel feast that the Lord's may be full. Not to the preacher alone is it given to convert the world, but all those that have enlisted under the banner of King Emmanuel must let their light shine in order to let people see it, that by this they may be led to honor and glorify God also. We long to see the happy eve approach when the reign of ignorance and deception shall be overthrown and the light of the glorious gospel of Christ be proclaimed to the people everywhere, from the rivers to the end of the earth.

A universal dissemination of the light and truth of salvation has never yet been effected, and never will be until the church of Chirst and its chosen ministers put forth their united efforts in pulling down the strong holds of satan, and labor for the upbuilding of the kingdom of Christ; for the enlargement of the borders of Zion depends upon the labors and efforts of her people. But not until they go forth and fulfill the commands of our Savior. Hence it is the duty of all God's people to labor earnestly for the spreading of the light of salvation, and to unfold to the minds of the children of men, the knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, and the gospel proclaimed in its primitive purity and simplicity and in the true and appointed way to heaven and happiness and glory.

In the *Gospel Messenger* we find in No. 12, page 183, an article written by Sarah M. Saunders on solitude, I agree, for one, with a whole heart on the sister's remarks on solitude; for where can we find a better place to enable and prepare ourselves for the great work that is left by our divine Master for us to accomplish. It is a blessing and a pleasing task to spend much of our time in solitude; for there we are alone with God. Be often alone with God, and thou shalt never faint in sorrow nor sink under duty. Happy shalt thou be and it shall be well with thee.

We read in the 63rd verse of the 24 chapter of Genesis that Isaac went out into the field to meditate in the eventide. A place no doubt that he frequently went to meditate. He lifted up his eyes and what did he see? Why, he saw the camels and servants coming bringing one that was to be to him a partner and helpmeet through the journey of life. If we go out in the field to meditate in the eventide, out under the starry heavens when the singing of the birds is over and the beautiful flowers have closed for the night; if we lift up our eyes what do we see? Why, Jesus, by an eye of faith and the star of Bethlehem that sure and safe guide that will lead us safely on our pilgrim journey through this benighted desert to the heaven of everlasting rest.

Our mind goes back nearly 50 years ago in memory of a dear sister who has gone to the spirit land. She spent much of her time in solitude, alone with God, which enabled her to use her influence in bringing souls to Christ, by going out into the hedges and dark places. Many came into the church through her influence. By her efforts the first series of meetings was held here in Lawrenceville, or an old school house, the first that was ever held in the Brethren church, that we know of. It was held two weeks and many were converted and brought into the church at that time. Almost fifty years ago—but where are they? nearly all gone, bourne from whence there is no returning traveler, and very few left to tell of the glorious event. How vididly our memory goes back to those happy seasons which we will never forget, as long as life lasts, although we have passed almost fourteen years beyond the number that is alotted to the life of man, which is three score years and ten; and, no doubt, the dear sister that used her influence so nobly in bringing souls to Christ has received the promise that they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and forever.

Dear Sisters, labor on in the glorious cause of our blessed Master and wield your pens through the columns of the press that many may hear from you and be benefited thereby. It is much better and a greater pleasure to look upward and study the things that make everlasting welfare and happiness, than to go out into the world and associate with sinners in hunting and looking out for the latest fashions and adorning our bodies in the disgusting Babylonish garment which belongs only to the outside world and sinners. Labor on dear sisters; it matters not where we have our abiding place in this wide world, although we may be separated far from each other. Mountains may rise and rivers roll and valleys lie between, yet if we have the love of God and our hearts filled with the Holy Spirit our experience will be the same and we will all speak the same thing as regards our holy religion and the salvation of the soul. Dear sisters, labor on, be often in solitude, alone with God; that when our earthly pilgrimage shall come to a close and we are done sailing against adverse winds on life's tempestuous sea, our frail barque may land us safely on the other side of Jordan and that we then may be worthy to obtain the promise that is given to those that turn many to righteousness for they shall shine as the stars forever and forever.

"I love to steal a while away,
  From every cumbering care;
And spend the hours of setting day,
  In humble grateful prayer.
I love in solitude to shed,
  The penitential tear;
And all its promises to plead,
  Where none but God can hear."

SUSAN SIDLE.

East Coventry, Pa.

Peculiar Means.

Nothing is more remarkable in the Bible than to see how God, as if to teach us to trust in nothing and in none but himself, selects means that seem the worst fitted to accomplish his ends. Does he choose an embassador to Pharaoh?—it is a man of stammering tongue. Are the streams of Jericho to be sweetened?—salt is cast into the spring. Are the eyes of the blind to be opened?—they are rubbed with clay. Are the battlements of a city to be thrown down?—the means employed is not the blast of a mine, but the breath of a trumpet. Is a rock to be riven?—the lightning is left to sleep above and the earthquake with its throes to sleep below, while a rod is used which is more likely to be shivered on the rock than to shiver it. Are men to be converted by preaching and won from sensual delights to a faith whose symbol is the cross and whose crown is to be won from the fires of martyrdom?—leaving schools and hall and colleges, God summons his preachers from the shores of Galilee; the helm of church is entrusted to hands that had never steered aught but a fishing-boat; and by the mouth of one who had been its bitterest persecutor, Christ pleaded his cause before the philosophers of Athens and in the palaces of Rome.—GUTHRIE.

The best way to preserve a foundation is to build upon it.